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Book and Job Printing

EXECUTED WITH NEATNESS AND DESPATCH.

POETRY.

[From the Saturday Courier.]
THE ANVIL THOUGHT.

BY A. J. H. DUGAN.

Men who ponder! list to me!
In the depths of all your hearts,
Something lives and something stirs:
It would mount—it would be free—
Chain it not, I counsel ye!

Men who in the furrow tread,
Sowing seed within the earth,
Trusting in its future birth,
Lo! within your souls lies dead
Seed that may be future bread!

Men whose life with toil is fraught—
Ye who o'er the anvil bow—
In your souls, oh gaze ye now!—
Here abides the Anvil Thought—
There may mighty deeds be wrought!

Acorns blossom to the oak—
Drops of rain to oceans swell—
Dare ye not your thoughts to quell!
Never yet was truth outspoke
That hath not an echo woke!

Dare not ye true thoughts to hide:
On the waters cast your bread—
Prophets were by ravens fed:
If to speak it hath not tried,
Then is thought a suicide!

INTERNAL EVIDENCE.

A man of subtle reasoning asked
A peasant if he knew
Where was the internal evidence
That proved the Bible true?
The terms of disputation art
Had never reached his ear—
He laid his hand upon his heart
And only answered—"here."

THIS STORY TELLER.

RETRIBUTION;

OR, THE THREE CHIMNEYS.

BY MRS. E. OAKES SMITH.

CHAPTER I.

There are more things in heaven and earth than are dreamed of in our philosophy.—*Shakespeare.*

It is about ten, or it may be fifteen, years ago that the merchants and mariners of the pleasant city of P., on our eastern coast, were surprised to encounter every day in the most crowded thoroughfares of the city and about the wharves a young woman of a singularly quiet and abstracted appearance, who inquired as to the last arrivals from sea and some particulars respecting the voyage.

When questioned as to the peculiar interest she thus manifested, her replies were evasive, or she answered coldly that she was looking for a friend. Upon the entrance of a vessel into the harbor, Judith, for so she was called, might be seen making her way to the ship, and casting eager and searching glances among the officers. Her scrutiny seemed never to satisfy her; she departed with a slow and melancholy air, like one suffering from the sickness of "deferred hope."

Her dress was usually a plain blue calico frock, a small shawl, which she held with a grasp across the chest, and a straw cottage hat, without trimmings, being simply tied with a ribbon under the chin. Her figure was somewhat tall, slender, yet firmly and elegantly made. Her hair was black, abundant, and slightly crisped; her features distinctly chiseled; her eyes deep set and brown, whose expression was that of melancholy tenderness. Indeed, with a nose slightly approaching the Roman, nostrils veined and distinct, lips red, but not full, it will be seen that the profile of her face must have been one of artistic force and beauty, while the front view might seem too clearly and sharply defined to please the common eye. Her whole manner, the small brown ungloved hand, the elastic step, the proud curve of the neck, all betrayed an exquisite physique, a high toned organization, supposed to belong exclusively to gentle blood.

Although she had appeared in the manner we have described, amid the crowds frequenting the docks of a commercial city for nearly a year, and often many times in the course of a day, there was no material change in her appearance. She rarely spoke to any one, and if she encountered rudeness would glide aside, or turn upon the aggressor an eye so full of sadness, yet with such a kindling indignation in its depths, that the offender retired with shame.

One morning Judith was observed watching with intense interest the motions of the captain of a barque arrived from some European port. He was leaning over the top rail carefully watching the play of the waters beneath him, while the crew were making ready to discharge the cargo of the ship. She sprang lightly over the side, crossed the deck, and touched her finger upon his shoulder. The man looked around, and his hard, weather-beaten features relaxed to a smile as he glanced at the intruder.

But there was a fixedness of expression, a paleness and dignity about the girl, which repelled all levity, and he gazed upon her as if powerless to withdraw his regard. She uttered a few

words in that concentrated tone designed to reach the ear of one only.

"Did you, more than a year ago, pass on the high seas a vessel which had hung out a signal of distress?"

The captain's face changed to ghastly paleness, but he answered not a word.

"You did—you passed over that vast thoroughfare, and when there was no sound upon its solitude, save one low, human wail wrung out from the famished and dying, you stopped your ear to that sound and went on your way. God do so to you, and more also," and she raised her finger upward.

The captain stood with his eyes fixed upon the spot she had occupied for many moments after she was gone, and his lips moved with the impotence of one struggling for language in a dream.

From that time Judith appeared no more as she had done in the thoroughfares of the city, and the memory of her gradually died out, or was only revived at some association when the tale of love-lorn maiden was told at quarterdeck or forecabin, and she became the subject of surmise and recollection.

Seven years had elapsed, and Captain Durgin, of whom we have spoken, had enjoyed an uninterrupted career of success. His voyages were made with safety, and the markets everywhere seemed regulated as if especially to accommodate him. Though a rough, unpopular man with his crew, and the subject of many and severe calumnies, he braved every thing with the same gruff hardihood with which he met the perils of the element to which he seemed native. Despite a certain ferocity of demeanor, he had a bluff good nature, able at any time to efface any prior disagreeable impression. Sailors were averse to shipping with him, without any very well defined reasons for being so, and yet, when once in his service, his good cheer and consummate seamanship made it rather satisfactory than otherwise.

There was a vague rumor of a ship left on the high sea dismantled and the crew imploring succor, which Capt. Durgin had disregarded, and this fact was of itself enough to make him generally odious, every sailor feeling instinctively that the time of retribution would come—a retribution that might involve the innocent with the guilty. Gradually, however, these prejudices gave way under the continued success of the Captain, as it is the way of the world to imagine that prosperity is only the attendant of virtue, that guilt and debasement and suffering and poverty go hand in hand.

There was another circumstance which helped to redeem the character of Captain Durgin. For the last seven years, the second officer of his ship had been a man of such peculiar excellence, of such singular activity in business and great devotedness to the interests of the Captain, that he inspired all about him with confidence. Thomas Harper had refused the most flattering offers of promotion, from a blind adherence to the fortunes of the commander. Though courteous in his bearing, he was reserved, taciturn, and often seemed weighed by a deep melancholy. Superstitious, as sailors proverbially are, Harper seemed to have a more than ordinary share, believing in dreams and omens, lucky and unlucky days; adapting his actions often to those indications so singularly subtle in their influence that indulgence often arms them with almost omnipotent power.

Harper seemed thoroughly acquainted with the whole history of the Captain, who, being naturally talkative, often found himself beguiled by the attentive silence of the subaltern into details and disclosures, which, it would seem might be, for his interest to conceal. Often when relating voyages of peril and disaster, of escapes from piracies and death, and giving histories of his own enterprises, the nature of which was more than doubtful justice, the hardy seaman would rudely arrest his own loquacity, and with a half-irritated and half-humorous air, exclaim—

"Why, Harper, what the deuce is in you, you get everything out of a fellow. If my neck ever finds the hemp round it, you are the man to bring it there."

"You've nothing to fear from me, Captain; for my part, I think there is more terror in the few words, 'whatsoever measure ye mete shall be measured to you again,' than any other kind of retribution."

The Captain arose hastily from his seat, and paced up and down the cabin with an appearance of strange uneasiness. He whistled a tune; justified even to a sailor's ear by the long calm with which they were threatened—he looked out upon the watch at the helm and then unrolled a ragged chart, which he examined without any well defined motive, unless to divert unpleasant thoughts. At length he remarked, without lifting his eyes from the paper—

"Harper, I wish you'd have done bringing up that ugly passage: I see no good in it."

"Why so, Captain?"

"Why so, man? why a body isn't bound to give his reasons for everything he thinks, but somehow or other you fish a fellow's thoughts out of his very soul. I remember, too, a girl who brought up just such thoughts once; I suppose was a girl, for so to that she had an eye that burned like a live coal. I hate a woman who gets her head filled with books—somehow she is sure to give everything a twist."

CHAPTER II.

I've traced the poor bewildered thing,
Whenever he was famishing,
And watched him o'er and o'er again,
From death he sought by field and flood.

Vigil of Faith.

The calm remained unbroken day after day, and Captain Durgin, naturally irritable and goaded by the slightest impediment, was now more

than usually uneasy. A dread of impending evil seemed to have fastened upon his mind, which the conversation of Harper by no means served to allay. Indeed, the latter himself was more than wontedly abstracted, and passed hours in poring over an old chart, or reading passages of Scripture full of the fearfulness of denunciation upon evil-doers.

One day the Captain looked over his shoulder, after he had completed an observation which satisfied him as to their position, and said, with affected carelessness, for the lividness of his cheek betrayed strong internal excitement—

"Harper, we're somewhere in the reckoning of the Three Chimneys, and this current with a dead calm drifts us, heaven knows where."

"An ugly berth, that of the Three Chimneys, Captain; I'm thinking you have been here before."

A pair of dividers dropped from the man's hand, and he whispered through his shut teeth, "once."

But the existence of these Chimneys has been doubted by many experienced navigators," said Harper, carelessly.

"At this moment a voice from above cried, 'Breakers—breakers!'

"The Chimneys, on my soul!" cried the Captain, hurrying on deck.

The whole sea was smooth as molten glass, slightly heaved by long swells from an under current, which caused the rise and fall without displacing a particle. The sky was free from speck or cloud, the air like powdered gold, and the long reach of ocean objectless, save at one point three tall spires shot up into the sky, like the masts of a ship, and a line of white foam flecked the base of them.

"This current will take us on those rocks, Harper, just as they show their gallow-like shapes there. We're as good as dead men," said the Captain.

"That matters little," returned Harper, "for this calm has nearly done the business with our provisions, and, to my mind, a dash upon those old tomb-stones yonder would be better than to starve here, like rats in a hole."

"I never fear that, somehow," returned the Captain. "I've been on short allowance many's the time, but a ship has always crossed my path and relieved us."

"Yes, but men have perished in this wise, and that, too, in the sight of others laden with plenty. Captain, I once had a dream."

"Pshaw! Harper, none of your dreams now." As the man said this, he seemed to be convulsed by some strong emotion, which he struggled to suppress, and he raised the glass to examine the singular trio which sentinelled the horizon.

They were from eighty to a hundred feet in the air, stern, basaltic giants, against whose reach of ocean thousands of miles in extent beat upon every side, and yet they held footing that seemed to press the centre of the earth. The elements crowned them with fearful glory—the rain-bow hung around them robes of down—the rainbow girded them with beauty—the white foam kissed them in wild gladness—the moon came down and slept with them—and the sun hung his last coronal upon their brows. Terrible were these Titans of the Atlantic, standing mute, solemn, and apart. All lands and all tongues had offered victims at their altar. The slim canoe, drifted from her path, cast its shrivelled burden at their feet—the Tyrian form eddied its purple wealth beneath them—the Norwegian, the Italian and the Spaniard, each and all had brought their tribute. In later days the proudest testimonies of man's power, wealth and ingenuity, swelled the pomp of their terrific grandeur. Half way amid the waste of waters they held their solitary state, drawing to themselves by an insidious current many a gallant barque, whose pale inmates looked up to their stony heads hopeless of pity. Like the ocean, in which they have planted a throne, they spurn the foot-prints of men, and the great wreck of matter shall find them recordless as now.

The Captain stood with his eyes fixed upon the huge pillars, raised to commemorate nothing of man's glory, and he saw the sun-set light, bronzed and scorching, mount their sides and tremble upon their tops; there they stood gray and heavy against the sky, till the moon came up behind them and by its glare seemed to project the monsters forward, as if to crush the devoted barque.

Slowly he turned to his companion. "Harper, I'm a doomed man—'tis all over with me."

"Your time is not yet come, Captain," said the mate. "Our ship is in prime order; a calm cannot last long in this latitude, and I see no reason why you should not escape this time; but if there be any truth in dreams—"

The Captain this time did not utter his accustomed note of contempt, but looked fixedly in the eyes of the mate, who, changing his manner, added lightly—

"Other men, Captain, have seen the Chimneys and escaped, and why not we, to give their exact bearing upon the charts?"

"Harper, I know of one vessel which could not have escaped them, and we are drifting down in the same way."

The mate laid his hand respectfully but yet with a firm grasp upon the arm of his superior, and replied slowly—

"But that barque was a dismantled rolling hulk, and the men were starving." The Captain quoted a moment before the rigid look of the mate, and then his native hardness coming to his aid, he answered—

"Harper, I believe you were one of those men; I am glad the vessel escaped, but mind that you never bring up the subject to me again—I've heard, Harper; never blab to me again, or, and his face grew black with suppressed rage, 'the

sea will hold me more secret, and that never again."

Harper, however, as he did so he broke into a laugh so hollow, so unearthly, that the Captain laid his hand upon his belt, as if to grasp some deadly instrument, but in a moment Harper bowed coldly to his superior, and passed to another part of the ship.

It was a fearful thing, that vessel ably manned, complete in all her parts, ruled by the most skillful seamanship, with rope and spar and helm obedient to the master's mind, yet, all made of no avail by an invisible agent born amid iceberg and whirlpool. Vainly every thread of canvass made to woo the breeze—it hung drooping to the mast, idle and powerless. The glossy sea and brassy sky were like immense radiators of heat, and the forlorn ship a victim doomed to the torture of slowly consuming fire. Onward she drifted, slowly yet surely to the feet of the Stone Giants.

Sun and moon, great, unwinking eyes were they, glaring and fiery, darting torture into the brains of the half-maddened seamen.

Harper alone was concentrated and calm; not a word of discontent escaped him. His orders were direct and firm, but there was that in his bearing which implied that he had expected no less than this. He seemed neither desperate nor resigned, but like one who met a long expected doom manfully. As their fate grew more apparent, Captain Durgin shut himself up in his cabin, leaving the whole management of the ship to Harper. Then it was that the disheartened crew broke into oaths and mutiny. They declared that the Captain had brought destruction upon them by secret crimes; and they in their innocence, were about to perish for the wickedness of this new Jonah. The very sea had refused to bear him longer upon its bosom, and they would cast him therein as a means of atonement.

CHAPTER III.

This is certain, that a man who studieth revenge keeps his own wounds green which otherwise would heal and do well.—*Bacon.*

Harper remained undismayed through all these difficulties. He briefly ordered the men to their duty, declaring that his life should be staked for the defence of the captain's. Here, indeed, the secret motive of his conduct seemed to betray itself, for in a few solemn words he addressed the crew: "Whatever may have been the crimes of the captain, I am convinced that a like retribution awaits him. 'Vengeance is mine, and I will repay,' saith the Lord. No one under my control shall become an agent for evil. He shall await the time of the Almighty, and the cup of trembling which he hath pressed to another's lip shall be pressed to his own; but neither your hand nor mine shall abridge the day of suffering. I have watched and waited for the time, and now it approaches."

The affection and respect with which he had inspired these rude men, added to an energy and firmness that never failed, alone gave him the ascendancy in this difficult period. Yet it might have been remarked that a more than ordinary gloom had fallen upon him—a gloom disconnected with the external evils which were in their way, for of these he spoke with a singular levity, as being a part of the contingencies of life, evils incident to a sailor, which strong, honest hearts could meet without flinching.

In the meanwhile, the attentions of Harper to the captain were unremitting; cordials and restoratives rarely suggested by the brain of manhood, were prepared and ministered to his comfort; yet notwithstanding, this hardy seaman drooped daily.

"It is of no use, Harper," he would mutter, when the latter approached with the means of sustenance, often reserved for his scanty portion, "it is of no use; I'm a doomed man."

It was singular to observe the coldness of manner of the mate, as contrasted with the kind solicitude of his acts. His brief replies to the desponding words of Durgin had in them something ominous, which sometimes caused the dying man to look with a scrutiny into his face, as if something like distrust had crossed his mind.

"Your time has not yet come, Captain," was the only reply of the mate to the desponding murmurings of the other.

At length, when the last spark of hope was dying out in the minds of the ill-fated crew, a small, black spot, as it were, "the size of a man's hand," was observed in the horizon, about noon. Harper sprang to the helm, and gave a few hurried orders, which were but imperfectly obeyed, for the men were overpowered with a sense of sluggish lassitude. Upward and onward swept the black cloud, increasing in magnitude as it approached, and soon a line of turbid water shot up from the hitherto smooth sea, and followed in its wake. The men looked aghast; but Harper followed its path with a calm eye, bearing the

* The description here given of these remarkable rocks of the Atlantic, lying midway in the track of ships between the most northern parts of Europe and America, is substantially such as is given by old and experienced navigators. Their position is easily ascertained by reference to charts of those seas. Their peculiar form is best indicated by the name they bear. They appear white at their summits, being covered with foam, and innumerable sea-birds are perpetually wheeling about them.

Off the western coast of the Hebrides are two more of these dangerous columns, but so low as to be covered with water at very high tides, not in storm. These are all comparatively slight in their origin to the Giant's Causeway and Fing's Cave, in the vicinity of the same latitude. What is equally remarkable, navigators upon Lake Agona, or Superior, report a pillar of the same description, a solitary chimney rising from the center of the lake, and from the midst of waters by day for windings, the blithesome not essentially differing from the same species of rocks in the Atlantic, and off the coast of the Hebrides.

We will leave to the geologist the merit of linking these singular localities of volcanic power, which have erected columns of such wonderful magnificence that the prompt works of human art do little in comparison. These are all comparatively slight in their origin to the Giant's Causeway and Fing's Cave, in the vicinity of the same latitude. What is equally remarkable, navigators upon Lake Agona, or Superior, report a pillar of the same description, a solitary chimney rising from the center of the lake, and from the midst of waters by day for windings, the blithesome not essentially differing from the same species of rocks in the Atlantic, and off the coast of the Hebrides.

ship firmly by the helm, and turning her from the Three Chimneys.

The face of Durgin glared white from the companion way, as the howl of wind and water swept over the ship, lifting her upward, then bearing her down, down amid gurgling waves, cracking and shrieking. Slowly she arose, rolling and dismasted, a portion of her crew swept from her decks, and spars and rigging cumbering her sides; but she had plunged onward in the whirlwind, leaving the Three Chimneys behind, and now no longer objects of terror. The calm was over, and a bright breeze might have sent them onward rejoicing; but they were a wreck. The excitement of action restored Durgin, to exertion, and the dismantled ship was soon made ready to weather her fate as best she might. Added to their other ills, it was found necessary to put the crew upon short allowance.

Many days they floated onward, helpless and despairing, each buckling his belt tighter and tighter, to keep down the gnawings of hunger. Each saw, by the gaunt aspect of his neighbor, the progress of death in himself. Few, with the abundance of every day supply before them, can estimate the moral resolution of those who, goaded by hunger, are yet able to resist its cravings; few can appreciate the intellectual thirst bearing down the physical man, smothering the wants of to-day that more may remain for those of to-morrow—this the lowest assertion of the immortal man grasping at the hereafter.

Durgin at times grew frantic under his sufferings, and then sank into the lassitude of a feverish child. Not so with Harper, who seemed sustained as by supernatural power. His icy calmness of manner and determined compression of lip—the intoneness of scrutiny with which he pored over the face of the captain, and hourly felt his hesitating pulse—all betokened the presence of a strong motive for sustenance other than the indomitable will of manhood.

At length Captain Durgin lay upon the deck, panting and emaciated to the last degree of ghostliness—his eyes half closed, and the broad chest refusing to heave with the thin breath. Harper knelt beside him, with his finger upon his pulse, and his dark, penetrating eyes fixed upon the wasted form and sunken cheek of the dying man. He dropped some water upon his parched tongue, and sprinkled a few drops upon his brow. He was answered by a moan of conscious pain, and the sufferer murmured:

"Let me die, Harper; you but prolong my agony." Harper put his mouth to his ear, and replied slowly, "Whatever measure ye mete shall be measured to you again."

The man sprang to his elbow, and glared around with his sunken and blood-shot eyes, and then gave utterance to a long, low, piercing cry, that seemed wrung from the torture of a dumb brute, rather than from the lips of manhood. He fell backward, and again Harper sprinkled the water upon his temples, he laid his finger upon his pulse, and a quick smile of joy passed over his face to detect its throbs.

The captain unclosed his eyes, and a strange light gathered in those sunken orbs, as they became fixed upon the face of the mate. He had always been remarkable for his abundant and curly hair, which he had worn somewhat long about his neck and temples. Now a few strokes of the fingers had parted it upon each side; the collar of the shirt, which had hitherto been scrupulously confined, was now thrown slightly open, revealing a fair and softly turned throat.

"The girl that came to me in P—harbor," whispered Durgin.

Strange enough, with the assertion of womanhood came back all its gentle intimacies, and Judith, for she it was, burst into tears.

"Tell me how you knew of my crime," whispered the man.

Now broke out into full action the singular enthusiasm of the girl. She raised her eyes upward, and answered—

"It was revealed to me by the great God in heaven."

Then seeing the captain panting for breath, he dropped the water upon his tongue, murmuring, "He must suffer even as he caused others to suffer," and then, in a hurried and wild accent, went on—

"Years ago, I was a fond, loving girl. He whom I loved did not return at the appointed time. He never came. I wrestled in prayer to God for some sign of his fate, and he gave it me one night. I know not if I dreamed. I saw these Three Chimneys. I had never heard of their existence then; but they were in the red light, and I saw a hulk floating by with starving men—he was there! Oh God! I see always his dear, patient eyes! Then a ship, laden, with joyful sails spread, came past, and left them in agony to die; but a voice cried, 'God do so to him, and more also.' You were there, Durgin; 'thou art the man.' I beheld you in that moment, and your face was painted upon my soul. I left home, kindred, friends, everything, to witness the retribution of the Almighty, and now I am here, and you are— She stopped shortly and glared upon the face of the eld at her feet. There was no ear to listen to her words.

Our story is told. Shortly after the death of Durgin the surviving crew were taken from the wreck, through whom the singular story of Judith became known. Her subsequent life of severe seclusion and remarkable religious enthusiasm is unessential to our story. Had she lived in the days of Catholic supremacy, Judith might have added one more saint to the calendar; but living as she did in the midst of a people cool and calculating, who estimate all matters by the gauge of utility, Judith was considered simply as a very hard-tempered, solitary woman, with something like a "link" in the brain.

From the N. Y. Journal of Commerce.
NO GREAT DIFFICULTY.

In a debate in the Legislature of New Hampshire some anti-slavery resolutions, Mr. Haddock of Hanover said:

"When slavery is seen in its true light as an offense to Heaven and an outrage upon men, as the error of the oppressed and the oppressor, there will be no great difficulty in getting rid of it. The lords of the man-cattle that darken the plains of the south, will melt away as the flocks that whiten our hills do, when we have no longer any interest in multiplying them."

We find this speech copied into one of the religious papers as a good thing. Mr. Haddock is not a man of rant, but is accustomed to speak the words of truth and soberness. We should like to see his plan for eradicating slavery, which he says can be done with "no great difficulty," when public sentiment shall be what he thinks it ought to be. If he is not uttering more than what he has a plan; for every thing that is to be done is to be done in some way. If Mr. Haddock would "melt away" slavery by the same means with which the "flocks" are melted away when they are no longer profitable, that is, by starvation or the slaughter-house, he might perhaps succeed. Still there would be some difficulty even then. To dispose of three millions of human beings in any of these ways would be a matter of some difficulty. They could not all be sold in one year, nor fifty; and if they could, that would not be "getting rid" of slavery, but simply transferring it to other hands. They would probably make more resistance to starvation and the slaughter-house, than New Hampshire cattle.

How poorly does he comprehend the vastness of the mischief when he talks of slavery in this way. How little he has thought, how little does he know. How incompetent are they to manage the mighty matter, who think it to be remedied by the resolutions or the speeches and tirades of ecclesiastical bodies—men who think nothing wanted but a correction of public sentiment. All these things are more ridiculously inadequate, than India crackers to the overthrow of Mt. Washington. Mr. Haddock talks of want of courage to speak boldly. Sacrifices, he says, will be necessary; perhaps blood. But he looks for future Wickliffes, Luthers, Clarksons and Wilberforces, who with a charmed life shall venture into the conflict, "until the scales fall from men's eyes and the veil be rent from their hearts." Other men talk just so. They might as well deliver their orations against the north wind, and expect to subdue it by public sentiment. All these men deny the great fact that the public sentiment of three quarters of the south, and much more than that of the northern tier of southern States, is more deeply and earnestly opposed to slavery than the opinion of the north. Southern men would do more, sacrifice more, venture more for its eradication, ten times over, than any railing abolition society that ever assembled. Courage, forsooth, to pass resolutions and make speeches in New Hampshire against southern slavery! Just as much courage as to slander the lions of the African desert. We hope the time is near when men of reputation and propriety will leave off this turkey-bustering, and come to the real points of difficulty in the abolition of slavery. Instead of no difficulty except in public sentiment at the south, the difficulties are immense on every side; so great that no human wisdom can tell how they are to be overcome. Nothing can really abolish slavery and extirpate its poisonous roots from society, but the construction of society upon one broad platform of social and political equality.

The men who are now slaves must be admitted to all the rights, privileges and immunities, political, religious and social, which belong to American citizens generally. At present there is not one State in this vast Union where the work of establishing this equality is really begun. Anti-slavery Ohio will not allow the free fugitives from John Randolph's benevolence to settle within her borders, though on their own land. An Ohio mob will drive them off, or murder them on the spot, and no force of Ohio's magistracy will prevent it. Will brave New Hampshire take courage and allow them a place between some two of her granite hills? Will Mr. Haddock vote to sell them lands and protect them in their possession within his beautiful town of Hanover? If the south will sell her three millions of slaves free, will New Hampshire consent that one hundred thousand shall immigrate there? We know she would not. She would exterminate them if they should attempt. Every road by which such an invasion could enter among her hills would be guarded by glittering bayonets. There are not more than one or two States where colored men are allowed to vote, and they would not be so allowed, if there were but enough of them to make the least impression at the ballot boxes. In no free States so far as we know are they allowed to do military duty among the militia, or form themselves into military companies by themselves. Nowhere are they allowed to hold political office, and nowhere in the religious assemblies of the whites are they allowed to enter except to confess themselves together in some separate corner. In no society would intermarriage with them be counted less than infamy. Their blood, therefore, is a stain upon the white man's honor, and a blot upon the character of the nation. It is a blot upon the character of the nation, for which every right-minded northern man must be deeply ashamed.

statutes recognizing and regulating its existence, or that a change in these would remedy the mighty evil. The cause is inherent in the facts as they stand forth in two great races, mingled together, and yet separated from each other by the impassable gulf of color.

Education, taste, and advance of civilization, rendering this gulf wider from Mr. Haddock, assisted by the wiser of New Hampshire, cannot throw a bridge across it strong enough to carry over the few remnants of slavery which still exist there. Men may rail as they will; but the colored race must in this country be always degraded, down-trodden, or down-sinking race. Philanthropy, religion, nothing in human power can change the eternal decrees. But until this is done slavery cannot properly be said to be abolished. Certainly the aspirations of christian benevolence will not be appeased until this is done, and the negro stands forth disenthralled—a man—equal with other men. Any scheme therefore which does not contemplate this is insufficient; though, in the mean time, every effort which can modify the evil-facts should be put forth with the most devoted energy. But railing is miserable and mean in such an occasion. It neither cures nor alleviates, but aggravates the disease. It is because we have a deep seated abhorrence of slavery, and some right feelings of respect and sympathy, we trust, for both masters and slaves, that we look upon the aggravating knight errantry of the last fifteen years with such deep disapprobation. It is wicked, trifling, malignant raving about an evil so great and dangerous that all good men are bound to contemplate it with all the wisdom, kindness, humility and true courage which dwell within them. Let real abolitionists with great hearts sit down to contemplate, and, if they can, devise a remedy for the facts which exist in our country, and grapple if they can with the fact, that we have in our southern States more than three millions of slaves and free persons of color, who are

1st. Of a color distinct from that of the American people.

2d. A great majority of their minds are debilitated by long subjugation.

3d. Of morals broken and unsound, so that they cannot be controlled by them.

4th. Ignorant, so that they are unable to use the powers they have.

5th. Possessing the feeling which oppression always engenders towards those who are the supposed authors of it.

With these considerations and more, that every intelligent mind will suggest, let him, if he really removed from our land. A scheme, in the sacrifices of which he will be willing to bear a double part, and we will call him a great benefactor. Let him take as the foundation fact of his plan, that there are hundreds of thousands of christians and philanthropists at the south, who will be thankful for his plan, and ready to make ten-fold greater sacrifices than himself for its accomplishment. Against this great multitude of christians at the south, ready and anxious to do their duty, and who are doing it as far as they can discover what it is, how exceedingly unchristian, contemptible and mean, are the antislavery and excommunications of northern churches and ecclesiastical and political bodies. They are a blot upon our character, for which every right-minded northern man must be deeply ashamed.

ABOLITIONISM.

The N. Y. Evangelist contains a letter from the Rev. Dr. Cox, in which he speaks of the great Temperance Convention at London, and emphatically of the disturbance and mischief produced by certain American abolitionists, Messrs. Garrison, Frederick Douglass, &c., who are resolved to thrust their anti-slavery ultramas into the foreground on all possible occasions. Having mentioned the great variety of persons present at this Convention, and that they were from distant and widely separated countries, and the good result as anticipated from the earnest and harmonious deliberations of the members, Dr. C. observes:

"They all advocated the same cause, showed a glorious unity of thought and feeling, and the effect was constantly raised—the moral scene was exalted and glorified—when Frederick Douglass, the colored abolition agitator and abhorrent, came to the platform, and so spoke a *to-morrow* to ram the audience, almost, of all that preceded! He begged in anti-slavery, or abolition, no doubt, to do what they would not themselves adventure to do in person. He is supposed to have been well paid for the abolitionism."

What a perversion, an abuse, an iniquity against the great law of reciprocal righteousness, to call thousands together, and get them, some certain ones, to seem conspicuous and devoted for one sole grand object, and then, all at once, with a equity, open an avalanche upon them for some imputed evil or monstrosity, for which whatever be the wound or injury inflicted, they were both too fatigued and too hurried to be prepared to do it. I say it is a trick of meanness! It is abominable!

On this occasion, Mr. Douglass allowed himself to denounce America and all its temperance societies together, as a grinding community of the enemies of his people; said evil, with no alloy of good, concerning the whole of us, as perfectly indiscriminate in his severities, talked of the American delegates, and to them, as if he had been our schoolmaster, and we his pupils, and denounced our country, without one palliative, and as if not a Christian or a true anti-slavery man lived in the whole of the United States. The fact is, the men have been petted, and flattered, and used, and paid by certain abolitionists, not unknown to us, of the *de jure* *de facto* stamp, till he forgets himself; and though he may gratify his own impulses, and those of old Adam in others, yet I am sure that all this is just the way to ruin his own influence, to defeat his own object, and to do mischief, not good, to the very cause he professes to love. With the single exception of one cold-hearted parrot, who utters the same words, I believe, and whom I will not name, of some of the newspapers, we have

ism or piety within him, all the delegates from our country were together wounded and indignant. No wonder at it! I write freely. It was not done in a corner. It was inspired, I believe, from beneath, and not from above. It was adapted to rekindle on both sides of the Atlantic the flames of national exasperation and war. And this is the game which Mr. Frederick Douglass and his seditious patrons are playing in England, and in Scotland, and wherever they can find "some here, his sympathising friend—I am such no more, as I more know him."

My own opinion is increasing that this abominable spirit must be exorcised out of England and America, before any substantial good can be effected for the cause of the slave. It is adapted only to make bad worse, and to inflame the passions of indignant millions to an incurable resentment. None but an ignorant or a madman could think that this way was that of the inspired apostles of the Son of God. It may gratify the feelings of a self-deceived and malignant few, but it will do no good in any direction, least of all to the poor slave! It is short-sighted, impulsive, partisan, reckless, and tending only to sanguinary ends. None of this—with men of sense and principle.

FREE TRADE AND THE FARMERS.—Facts multiply upon us, demonstrating the entire falsehood of the theories of the protectionists. They assured the farmers that protection and a home market were the only guarantees of high prices for farmers' products, and that after the passage of the ad valorem tariff of 1846, universal ruin would spread over the country. But since the passage of that tariff, flour has risen half a dollar a barrel, wheat in the same proportion, corn five cents, and rye one or two cents. They told us that they would be ready to adopt free trade when other nations would do so; and especially if England would take our bread stuffs and provisions, we ought to trade freely with her. When Great Britain adopted the liberal policy, and reduced her duties on all things to a revenue standard, and on most of our great articles of farming produce abolished them entirely, the protectionists, false to their pledge, declared that England was selfish still: that she only took what she was obliged to take, and especially that her repeal of duties was of no value to us, for her market would be supplied from Germany, the Baltic and the Black Sea, cheaper than it could be done from the United States. They have evidently been lying to us, honorable gentlemen though they be, all of them. Most of the recent advance in our bread stuffs has been caused by the news from England by the last steamer. On Monday the English market lifted flour to \$4.30. For that market 3500 barrels Genesee, Ohio and Michigan flour were taken at that price. The English market and nothing else has done us this benefit. Here are the facts in the records of trade. Argument, theory, prophecy, all are frustrated, denied, demolished. Bread stuffs are in fact now going from us, to some of these very markets from which it was said England would be supplied, to our utter exclusion. The farming interest must credit the free policy of England with three cents a pound on cheese, ten cents a bushel on wheat, five cents on corn, and so on, just for this recent advance. In addition to this the farmer will find the articles he wishes to purchase cheaper, so that if he gets ten per cent. more for his produce, and buys his family supplies at 20 per cent. cheaper prices, he is a gainer of 30 cents on every dollar of his earnings. This is quite a moderate estimate of the value of the new policy of England and the United States, to the agricultural interests of our own country. This is the way the farmers and laboring men are to be tamed by free trade.

OXFORD DEMOCRAT.
PARIS, OCTOBER 6, 1846.

BRITISH MEDIATION.

As to the British mediation in the war with Mexico, there can be no doubt, we think, says the Washington Union, as to the almost unanimous sentiment of this country, concerning it. We have all along, and in every form, professed to Mexico negotiation in an amicable spirit. On our part, therefore, no mediation is called for. If the British government can, by its counsels, persuade Mexico to awake to her true interests and to meet us in a spirit of justice in such a negotiation, there can be no reasonable objection on our part, that such counsels should be given. But English interference in any form, to fix the terms or prescribe the conditions of peace, is not to be sanctioned, and cannot be sanctioned for a moment. We know our own rights, and our own wrongs? England can tell us nothing of either; we shall redress the one, and we shall vindicate the other; and we must be left to ourselves to judge of the sufficiency and the sensibleness of that vindication and that redress.

Much less can we be expected to suspend for one moment the vigorous employment of all the means we may possess for such a vindication of our rights and our honor. Such a suspension of our arms is forbidden by all the military aspects of the case. It would demoralize and paralyze our army of volunteers. In the very midst of such an armistice, while all the expenses of our army were still accruing, the terms of enlistment might expire, and our volunteer army be virtually disbanded. In a word, such a suspension of our operations has already been declared by our government to be plainly inadmissible. There can be, as the President declared in his message, no suspension of hostilities till a treaty has been "made and ratified."

END OF THE MORMON WAR.

The latest intelligence from Nauvoo states that negotiation was in progress between the two parties which had resulted in a cessation of hostilities and an agreement that the besieged, or those of them who had taken part in the hostilities of the few days previous, should at once capitulate, lay down their arms, and leave the city and State within five days. The number embraced in this requirement is variously estimated at from three to seven hundred.

The next day the mobocrats marched in and took formal possession of the city. The total of the killed in the different skirmishes is not yet ascertained, but it is believed to be not very great. Several of the officers and a few of the new citizens are said to be mortally wounded.

The Federal papers indulge in the idea that the country has lost all confidence in the democratic party—supposing that the election in Maine is evidence of this alleged loss of confidence. If the federal party, which always loses the confidence of the people in one term for rather, which never has the confidence of the people were to be judged by the same rule, what would be the conclusion?—that that party is as much more corrupt than the democratic party as its term of power has been shorter? This would be no enviable position. A little falling off in the democratic vote raised the spirits of federalism wonderfully. Small favors greatly received.

LETTER FROM THE ARMY.—The N. Y. "Courier" has a letter from New Orleans, dated Sept. 24, which says: "The report that Gen. Ampudia had arrived at Monterey is confirmed. Gen. Taylor arrived at Seralvo and pushed on to Monterey. He expected to arrive at that place and open his fire on the morning of the 25th of this month. Sept. Gen. Taylor's force was 7000. That of Ampudia is estimated by reports of spies at from 5000 to 6000."

JUST REVENGE.—Field Eddy and Stephen McGarity, who have been for several weeks confined in jail on the charge of forgery, broke jail on the night of the 24th ult. A reward of \$50 has been offered by the judge for their apprehension and return.

FURTHER FROM THE ARMY.

The New Orleans Delta says, General Taylor, in his march, is prepared for any emergency, either an advance or a retreat. He permitted no soldier or officer to take more baggage with him than he can conveniently carry on his back. A number of steamers had reached Matamoras with the extra baggage, and the Quarrel of the Zapadores was converted into a depot for it. All the supplies for the advancing army, so far, have been sent on by pack mules, and the General expects to have 30 days' provisions for 12,000 men at Seralvo when he reaches it.

Notwithstanding the reports of the advance of a Mexican force, between San Luis Potosi and Saltillo, the General believes he can enter Monterey and Saltillo, without encountering any opposition. No troops were suffered to go but such as were able and willing to stand the fatigues of a long march. This had the effect of reducing considerably the volunteer regiments; few of them exceeded 500 strong, many of them numbered even less.

A Point Isabel correspondent of the Delta says: "At last accounts, Gen. Taylor's headquarters were at Seralvo, half-way between Camargo and Monterey. Letters received from the above anticipated a desperate resistance at the latter place. The campaign has commenced in earnest."

Later accounts by the telegraph, announce a vague rumor that Canales had been taken prisoner by the Americans, and that the statement that Col Harney had been put under arrest, was incorrect.

Vigorous prosecution of the war against Mexico.—We learn that Gen. Gaines has received orders from Washington for the immediate transportation of all the troops now stationed in this division to the seat of war, on the Rio Grande. The orders are positive and peremptory, and a corporal's guard only is to be left at each of the forts and fortifications.—N. Y. Herald.

THE MORMONS.

It seems that this persecuted sect are about to be driven from the bounds of civilization. The mob in Illinois has finally succeeded in subduing the Mormons and new citizens of Nauvoo, and in compelling them to evacuate that city and take refuge in some other place, if any can be found to receive them.—This lawless warfare upon the few Mormons who remained at Nauvoo, and the new citizens, the latter of whom compose the principal part of the population of the city, will be justly regarded as one of the blackest outrages ever perpetrated by lawless violence in this country, and is alike disgraceful to those lawless men engaged in this affair, and to the authorities of the State which have permitted the outrage to be perpetrated.

There is no excuse for such lawless conduct. If the Mormons are fanatics, let sober reason bring them to their senses. If they are thieves, robbers, or murderers, let the majesty of the law be vindicated, and the guilty punished. But to drive out from their lawful homes, a whole community of men, in consequence of their religious belief, is an outrage which should not be countenanced or tolerated in a Christian land.

REPRESENTATIVES ELECTED. On the 22nd ult., the Federalists elected Thomas Chadwick and Wm. Goodenow in Portland. — Taylor in Belgrade and William Paine and Elijah L. Hamlin in Bangor. The Abolitionists elected Levi Williamson in New Portland. The Democrats elected Nathaniel Fenderson in Scarborough. The House now stands 48 Democrats to 47 Whigs and Abolitionists.

The elections that took place in the closed towns yesterday will probably decide the complexion of the next House, and consequently that of the State.

The Whig politicians of Ohio (says the Mobile Register), are going to great extremes for the October election. Giddings in the northern part of the State is preaching dissolution of the Union, and Webb the Whig candidate for Governor, mounts the hobby of a "perfect equality of laws, rights and privileges between white and black." Such movements are a warning to sensible and sober-minded men, as they indicate a recklessness of consequences, endangering public and private virtue and safety.

Gen. Duff Green has commenced the factory business—having opened a large establishment for making cotton goods at Falmouth, Virginia.

A term of the Supreme Judicial Court will be held at the Court House in this village next week commencing on Tuesday.

A man's greatest riches consist in his ability to live upon little with a contented mind.

Deeds are fruits—words are but leaves.

The Boston Whig newspaper says that Messrs. Amos Abbott, Nathan Appleton, and R. C. Windrop, all Whigs, "are obnoxious to the party of conscience."

A SEVERE OPERATION UPON A COUNTRYMAN.—On Wednesday afternoon a middle aged person from Westborough, in the employ of the Worcester Railroad Company, received a check at the depot on the Boylston Bank for \$400, and as he wanted to get cashed forthwith, he was furnished with a note to that effect to an officer in the bank. He then went to the bank and obtained the money, and when he came out he found at the door a cabman, who must have overheard a conversation about going to Charlestown, which he had been engaged in at the depot, for he at once said to him: "Hullo! you better ride over to Charlestown in my cab!" The countryman, after some dissent, concluded to ride, and, after stopping in Commercial street, to make some purchases, he went to Charlestown, and was there induced by the cabman to drink a glass of gin sling—the first drop of ardent spirits he had tasted for four years. His recollection of events after the visit to the tavern in Charlestown is very vague. He remembers that at one time there were a strange man and woman in the cab with him; also that he visited with them a drinking place near the city stables; and that soon after the man and woman left the cab, he was dropped in State street, where he fell in with a watchman about two yesterday morning; and, upon looking for his money, he found a little roll of paper instead of his \$400.—Boston Post.

The operation of unhooking a door is said to be a severe trial.

Flatterers are generally slanderers, according to Marcus Simeus.

It is the opinion of Hays that those people possessing the most faults are apt to see the most faults in others. When you become prejudiced in favor of, or against a person, do not let him discover it until you are certain you are not in error.

PROTECTION AND LABOR.

An error seems to prevail that the world is indebted to law for nearly all which is desirable in it. This delusion originated in the disposition of men who possessed absolute power to have themselves regarded as the source of every benefit; and those entrusted with authority under freer systems have been willing to perpetuate and enjoy the fallacy.

To be sure, law may do something for the advantage of the citizen. Its terrors deter the vicious; its power punishes the guilty; its justice secures to every man an impartial trial. Beyond these important attributes it is comparatively valueless. To be sure, it regulates with some advantage many of the minor relations of civilized life. But it is not to be disguised that many of these if left to themselves would assume to themselves a more natural and of course better condition. Of this character is the whole class of inspection laws. The design of them is to secure the public against the frauds of the producer or seller; but the principal result is an additional expense of the article to the consumer.

For several centuries commerce and trade have been shackled by legislation. Import duties, export duties, excise taxes, licenses, monopolies for the sale of particular articles, have all tended to cripple the industry and enterprise of the world.

Among savages each man enjoys the fruit of his own labor, or stimulated by a noble charity, bestows upon his comrades the fruit of his superior skill, courage or good fortune.

But one of the arts of civilization is to secure the benefits of labor without enduring its hardships. Legislation affords the most easy and effective means for the accomplishment of this purpose; hence the zeal which has always been manifested by those who have opportunity to make legislation subservient to selfish purposes. But as no man advocates particular measures upon the ground that they will take from the laborer one half or one fourth of the proceeds of his industry. On the other hand, special pains will be taken to convince those who in reality are wronged, that they are to be vastly benefited. It is by the perversion of some men's rights that others secure extraordinary privileges, either in the form of hereditary power or enormous wealth.

The doctrine of protection to labor is a prevalent one to some extent a popular one, and to a great degree a dangerous one. It is not confined to this country—it had its origin under the monarchical institutions of Europe. It prevails in Russia, in Austria, in France, in Great Britain, as well as in the United States. But in all these countries labor has not in reality been protected, but has been used to augment and protect capital.

Under the extensive and powerful system of protection in Great Britain, the condition of the laborers has excited the sympathy of the world, and led to investigations which have resulted in the overthrow of the whole system.

The laborers are the masses of men; they are or ought to be the governing power of the world, ready and competent at all times to protect themselves. Labor is strong, capital is weak. The policy of capital aided by intelligence, is to secure for itself that protection which labor only can afford. Law can do nothing for the protection of labor, but it can divert the proceeds in labor to the protection of capital.

There is, however, naturally no hostility between labor and capital. Both are essential to the proper relations and development of the true powers of the world. But they should, so far as possible, be united, and this can only be done by withdrawing legislation from trade. Each man should at the same time be a laborer and a capitalist.

The fault of modern industry is the diversity of labor and capital. The capitalist pays the laborer's wages. In all Europe labor is one great system of slavery, with all the relations of humanity blotted out. They have no feudal lords, with their numerous dependants, but a species of business feudalism has sprung up, and gold is the only bond between the master or overseer and the laborers. There is no reciprocity of feeling, no sympathy, no obligation to protect, no duty to cherish in sickness or support in old age. If slavery do exist, the closer the connection between the master and the slave the less objectionable the condition. Hence we esteem the slavery of the plantation preferable to the slavery of the mill—the slavery of America preferable to the slavery of England. The man who has property in the laborer cannot afford to overwork him, and break his constitution or destroy his life; hence the slaveholder will be governed by the low motive which furnishes a shelter for the ox, and proportions his task to his strength. It may with truth be said that this is a low motive. So it is; but it is something not to be overlooked—something to be exempt from the calls of hunger—to have a home, though a poor one, in sickness and old age. The employer's motive is to get the greatest amount of work for the least pay, regardless of age, sex, or condition. It is immaterial whether the child is equal to the task imposed upon him or not; if his life is sacrificed, there are others ready to take his place, without any investment of capital by the employer. The one hires and pays, the other works and dies. The operatives in the mills and mines of Great Britain would be less worked and better fed if owned by the capitalists. No slaveholder could afford to sacrifice the lives of his slaves at the tender age of ten or fifteen years. The statistics of death show that this is done in Leeds, Liverpool, and other manufacturing districts in England.

We say, then, that English slavery is as pernicious as American slavery. It is more cold and heartless, equally destructive to education and morals, and less adapted to the physical strength and social happiness of the laborer. These remarks are not intended to degrade the American operatives as they are found at present, but to show the character of the European laboring population, which is esteemed so dangerous to the American laborer as to require the aid of legislative protection. It is a fact, now nearly established in this country, that slave labor is more expensive than free labor. This is found true in the most simple manual pursuits. Corn and wheat are produced at least cost in Ohio than Kentucky, with no perceptible difference in natural advantages. The essential difference in the comparative prosperity of the various sections of this country may be found in the opposite character of the laborers; and the great evils of slavery fall upon the slave rather than the free States. Now, if the free labor of the country can compete successfully in the most simple manual pursuits with unpaid labor, it may well be left to defend itself in the higher and more difficult branches of industry against a class of operatives whose character and condition bear the closest relation to object of protection.

The statement is substantially put forth by the leading protectionists of the country that production is cheap or dear in proportion to the price of labor. This we do not deny. If it were so, then would the world expect the utility

in enterprise, in prosperity, in wealth; England and the United States would fall altogether to compete successfully with Egypt and the East India; and the sceptre of power would at once pass from the most enlightened to the most degraded states of the world. The only true proposition in relation to the connection between the price of labor and the cost of production is this: *Production is cheapest where the price of labor, estimated by the day or year, is dearest.*

This, we are well aware, is contrary to the popular idea of the country; but at a future time we shall attempt to maintain and defend it.—*Boston Post.*

THE RICHMOND TRAGEDY.

For several days our quiet community has been agitated with reports that implicated the reputation of one of the most respectable ladies in the city of Richmond. Although the foul charge was upon every tongue, and the shameful deed the theme of every discourse, sympathy for the wronged, and a delicate regard for innocent connections, muzzled the press as long as the consequences were of a private nature; but the excited vengeance of an injured husband exhibited itself yesterday morning in an act that must call for public investigation, which will disclose all the circumstances of this horrible affair. Every restraint is therefore removed, and there is no reason why we should not proceed to gratify public curiosity by detailing the particulars, as far as we can gather them from a careful investigation.

During the absence of Mr. William R. Myers, who was on business at the north, it seems that his brother, Col. Samuel S. Myers, received an anonymous communication, charging his sister-in-law with adultery, and pointing to Mr. D. Marvin Hoyt as the guilty party; the writer requested an interview, and offered to produce the clearest proof of the truth of the charge; this proof was furnished, and was such that even Col. Myers, with all his devotion to his sister, could not resist it. Intercepted notes were produced, and the most conclusive evidence was exhibited of guilty intercourse for months, if not for years. The father of Mrs. Myers was immediately written for, and satisfied of his daughter's guilt, removed her from the city. Col. Myers also wrote to his brother, informing him minutely of all the circumstances. Thunderstruck at the infidelity of her whom he had ever loved, honored, and cherished, and stung to madness with the thought of his honor wounded in the tenderest point, Mr. Myers hurried to Richmond, burning to glut his vengeance where he had been so fully wronged. To escape notice, however, he left the cars at the junction, about twenty-one miles from Richmond, and there taking a horse provided for him, he entered the city on Sunday after the shades of night had fallen, and as soon as the morning light enabled him to make sure of his victim, he rushed to Hoyt's chamber, and discharged the contents of a loaded pistol in his brain.

Mr. Myers was accompanied by his brother, who faithfully stood by him in this retributive act of justice. They both surrendered themselves to the civil authorities, and the case is now undergoing judicial investigation. Thus have the guilty parties expiated their awful offence against the laws of God and man; he an untimely death, and she in the pangs that must rend her bosom whenever the image of her injured husband or dying lover are brought to mind.

Mr. Hoyt is not yet dead, and it is possible that he may linger several days; but the chances of his recovery are as one in a hundred. The pistol was a revolver, and was discharged twice; the first ball passed through the fleshy part of the legs, and occasioned but little injury; the second took effect just over the left eye, and has been removed by the process of trepanning.

The examination has been continued, and the accused, with his attendants, Col. Samuel S. Myers and Mr. William Burr, have been admitted to bail in the sum of ten thousand dollars each. Hoyt denies his guilt, and when he supposed himself in extremis, he declared that the last words he uttered should be to proclaim the innocence of Mrs. Myers. The public ascribe these declarations rather to the gallantry of the gentleman, than the real innocence of the lady.

This evening there is a report in circulation, how true we know not, that Hoyt has made a will and left Mrs. Myers a legacy of \$30,000.

It is said that Col. Pollard, the father of the lady, arrived in town to-day, just in time to find a father's intended retribution anticipated by a husband's vengeance. This is not a community where the dearest rights and the tenderest ties can be infringed with impunity.

The New Hampshire Patriots.—The control of the State Democratic paper of New Hampshire is a matter of considerable political consequence. We see it stated that the old New Hampshire Patriot and ex-Governor Hill's Patriot are to be connected, and placed under the editorial charge of Mr. Burke, now commissioner of patents at Washington. The intent is to unite all the democracy under a central head, and break down the insubordinate attempt of self-constituted leaders.—*Boston Courier.*

A good plan and a good object—we hope to see them successful.

Another great cave has been discovered in the neighborhood of Columbia, Tenn. Col. C. and another gentleman entered it at 9 o'clock in the evening, and, traveling as fast as they could, made their egress at three o'clock in the morning, six miles from the place of entrance. In the interior they found large rooms walled with rock and decorated with stalactites, echoing grottoes, and streams 30 and 40 yards wide and three or four feet deep. The Colonel thinks this surpasses the Mammoth Cave of Kentucky; but for the present he keeps the entrance to it a secret.

The full-blooded protection whigs of the 3d district Philadelphia, have nominated for Congress John M. Coleman, "importer of Sheffield and German cutlery, guns, pistols, &c." They pick party to the "protection of American industry."

Miss Saltzman has obtained a verdict of \$1000 against William McClelland, in Steubenville, Ohio, for breach of promise. She sails William down rather strong.

Gov. Crawford, of Georgia, has appointed Thursday, Nov. 5, as a day for public thanksgiving. The Government of South Carolina has done likewise.

In order to be a member of the Evangelical Alliance, you must believe in a natural total depravity, and eternal, unmitigated, unconditional, unpardonable sin.

The publishers of the Providence Herald have obtained a verdict in a Rhode Island case against Dr. L. S. Comstock, of New York, for advertising his medicines. The defence was that the agent of Dr. C. advertised on his own responsibility, but the Court ruled that he had authority to make his principal liable.

Apomism.—Enmity is a stronger passion than friendship. An enemy will seek our hurt with more studied devices and with a more settled purpose, than a friend will pursue our good. Such at least is the ordinary experience of human life. It should therefore be more an object with us to avoid the ill will of an enemy, than to cultivate particular friendship.

J. G. Birney declines being a candidate any longer for the Presidency. J. P. Hale of New Hampshire, was nominated for that office by the Abolitionists and Independent Democrats, at a meeting last week in New Market.

BALANCING THE SHAKES.—It is asserted that a person shaking with fever and ague, can read first rate in the railroad car. The two shakes neutralize each other, and the body is perfectly still.

A Heroic Feat.—A soldier by the name of Ring, by birth from the old Granite State, (New Hampshire) was among others of the same regiment (the 3d infantry) advancing to do his best in the action, when he came to the rear of the artillery that Capt. May was charging on. Some of the party shot the gunner, who had already touched the quick march with his port-fire, when Ring ran up and pulled the match from the cannon, before it had burnt to the powder. This gallant feat was performed in sight of a thousand Mexicans; and in so doing, it is estimated he saved at least fifty lives, as Captain May's squadron was within one hundred and fifty yards of the mouth of the cannon at the time. The cannon was loaded at the time with grape-shot.

Oldest Account of America.—The oldest account of America, is a letter written by Columbus, translated from Italian into Latin in 1494, 352 years ago—considerable of a change has taken place since then. We dare say if Columbus should land at "Cat Island" now, he'd hardly know the place.

Sailor Strike.—The fresh-water jack-tars of Lake Erie have made a strike for higher wages. It is one thing to strike and another thing to hit it.

Hunger Cure.—A new system of quackery has commenced in Germany, called the hunger cure. It consists in going without eating until a cure is effected. It will probably cure any disease in about three weeks.

The annual Show and Fair of the Cumberland Agricultural and Horticultural Society, will be held at Gray Corner, on Wednesday, the 21st instant. Address by Charles Holden, Esq., of Portland.

Rev. Mr. Pomroy came passenger in the Cambria, and arrived in this city on Tuesday, having been absent nearly 16 months. He returns in perfect health, and at once enters upon his pastoral duties which for twenty years he has so faithfully and acceptably fulfilled. [Bangor Gazette.

The Pope's Will.—The late Pope has left a fortune of eleven millions francs, which after some religious bequests, is to be divided among his relations; upon the singular condition that they never contest the will, and that they never take up their residence in Rome.

DR. WISTAR'S BALSA OF WILD CHERRY.—The extraordinary success attending the use of this medicine in diseases of the lungs, and the many singular cures it has effected, having naturally attracted the attention of many physicians, as well as the whole fraternity of quacks, various conjectures and surmises have arisen respecting its composition; some physicians have supposed it to contain mercury, and to some such substance they each attribute its singular efficacy. As such opinions are altogether erroneous, and calculated to prejudice many persons against it, we

PLEDGE OUR HONOR that it contains nothing of this kind, or any thing the least injurious; on the contrary, it is composed of the most simple substances, the principal of which are the extracts of tar and wild cherry bark, and the whole secret of its efficacy consists in the mode by which they are prepared.

None genuine without the written signature of I. Butte.

MARRIED.

In Watford, A. K. P. Danham, of Paris, and Miss Catharine Stone.

In Dresden, Samuel McEllan, of Bath, and Miss Helen L. Goodwin.

DIED.

In Rumford, Sept. 25, Mrs. Durcas, wife of Asa S. Howard, Esq., aged 84 years.

In West Bridgewater, Massachusetts, Albert Eugene, youngest child of Rev. Darius and Mrs. Elizabeth Poole, aged 1 year, 6 months and 7 days.

In Farmington, Mrs. Susannah Brown, aged 99 years.

In Washington county, Pennsylvania, at the poor-house, Bon Buchanan, a colored man, aged 103 years. He was a waiter at Braddock's defeat, in 1755.

List of Letters

REMAINING in the Post Office at Paris, Maine, October 1, 1846: Andrews, Sampson—Berry, A. W. H. Esq.—Crane, Thaddeus—Cole, Miss Eunice—Cushman, Ebenezer—Cracker, Miss Hannah—Daniels, S. P. Esq.—Deering, Mark E.—Dunham, Col. Sampson—Gray, Miss Eunice—Hutchins, Cyrus—Howe, James P. Esq.—Halt, Johnson C.—Halt, John C.—Larvey, David—Marshall, Nathaniel B.—Marble, J. C.—Mathews, Asa—Merrill, J. C.—Mills, William—Osgood, Apollo—Poir, Mrs. Rachel—Partridge, Mrs. Sarah—Porter, David—Preston, Joseph W.—Phillips, Gordon B. Esq.—Robbins, Miss Clara A.—Ryerson, Samuel—Riley, Grant—Riverson, John—Sawyer, A. K. Esq.—Seymour, Ephraim E.—Simpson, Miss Abigail—True, Clark P. Esq.—Twyler, Alexander, Esq.—Watkins, Stephen S.—Watson, Charles C.—Watson, Miss Abby.

G. WASHINGTON MILLETT, P. M.

To the Hon. the Court of County Commissioners for the County of Oxford next to be holden in said County of Oxford at Paris, on the second Tuesday of May, 1846.

YOUR Petitioners humbly show that a town was from the town line between Oxford and Milport, Reuben Merrill's house in said Oxford, to Galen Merrill's house in said town of Oxford, and that after notice and hearing of the parties, have laid out such way, and reported the same to the town at a public meeting of the inhabitants duly notified and warned. Yet the town has unreasonably refused and delayed to allow and approve said town way laid out by the Selectmen aforesaid and to put the same on record. Wherefore, your Petitioners considering themselves aggrieved by such delay and refusal, pray that your Honors would, agreeably to law in such cases made and provided, accept and approve as said town way, and direct the same to be recorded in the Books of said town, or make such alteration as you shall think best.

JACOB M. HACKETT & 4 others.

STATE OF MAINE.

Oxford, ss: At a meeting of the County Commissioners begun and holden at Paris, within and for the County of Oxford, on the first Tuesday of September, A. D. 1846.

ON the foregoing Petition, Ordered, that the Petitioners give notice to all persons and corporations interested, that the County Commissioners will meet at the dwelling house of Jacob M. Hackett, in said Oxford, on Thursday, the twelfth day of November next, at ten o'clock A. M., when they will proceed to view the route set forth in the Petition; and immediately after such view, at some convenient place in the vicinity, will give a hearing to the parties and their witnesses, by causing attested copies of said Petition and of this Order of Notice thereon to be served on the Clerk of said town of Oxford, and by posting up like copies in three public places in said town of Oxford; and by publishing the same three weeks successively in the Oxford Democrat, printed at Paris, the first of said publications and each of the other notices to be made, served, and posted, at least, thirty days before the said time of meeting, that all persons interested may then and there appear, and shew cause, if any they have, why the prayer of said Petition should not be granted.

Attest—CHARLES ANDREWS, Clerk. A true copy of said Petition and Order thereon. 23 Attest—CHARLES ANDREWS, Clerk.

Notice of Foreclosure.

WHEREAS, JACOB BANCROFT, of Bethel, in the County of Oxford and State of Maine, by his deed of Mortgage dated September 2d, A. D. 1845, conveyed to FRANKLIN CROSS, of Albany, in said County, a certain part of the Lot of land numbered twenty-seven in the Fourth Range of Lots in said Bethel, which said part said Cross, by his deed, conveyed to the said Bancroft; which said Mortgage is recorded in Book 73, page 34, Oxford County Records. Whereas, the above described Mortgage, together with the debts due on the same, was assigned to me by said Cross, for a valuable consideration, I hereby, as assignee, claim possession of the above Mortgage premises, (the condition of said Mortgage having been broken,) and give this public notice to foreclose the same, agreeably to the Statute in such case made and provided.

ADENETHY GROVER. Bethel, Oct. 1, 1846. 3w22

Tavern-House and Store for Sale.

The new and spacious Tavern-House, Stable, Store, &c., recently occupied by A. Prentiss & Co., in the village of Lee, in the county of Penobscot, near the Academy, and on a new and rapidly increasing line of travel and business, will be sold at a great bargain and on reasonable terms of payment if a certain sum of money be paid down, and the balance in installments. It will be sold much under its real value. This will be found one of the best stands in the country for a tavern, boarding house, and store; and the buildings are not inferior to any in the county, out of Bangor, and the location pleasant. Inquire at the premises, or of H. E. PRENTISS, at Bangor. October 6, 1846. 3m23

GRAVE STONES, MARBLE AND SLATE, GRANITE MONUMENTS, TOMB TABLES, &c.

Of the first quality and superior style of Lettering. THE subscriber would inform the public generally that he has a workshop of taste and much experience in the Stone Business, and has constantly in his Shop at South Paris, a large assortment of STONE, which he will sell cheaper than can be bought in the State. Persons desirous of purchasing, are invited to call and examine the Stone and Prices for themselves. PRODUCE received in payment for Stone. Orders carefully and promptly attended to. DAVID ADAMS. PETER HOLDEN, Agent. South Paris, September 24, 1845. 3m31

Silver Spoon Manufactory.

BANKS & HATCH,

NO. 72, EXCHANGE STREET, Portland.

HAVE constantly on hand, of their own manufacture, an extensive assortment of

SILVER TEA & TABLE, LEE-SERV, SUGAR, MUSTARD AND SALT SPOONS.

which are warranted to be of the very best quality. Purchasers from the country are respectfully invited to call and examine. Also for sale at the lowest prices—

Gold & Silver Levers, and common Watches.

Gold Finger Rings, Dress Pins, Bracelets, Pens and Pencils; Britannia Ware; Pocket Cutlery; Plated Spoons; Butler

Purses and Purse Trimmings; Card Cases; Silver

Trinkets; do. Pencils; Silver, Shell & Horn & Ivory Combs; Spectacles, for all ages in Gold, Silver, and common boxes; Silver nursing

Teas; Dress & common FANS; Hair Brushes; Toothbrushes, &c., &c., &c.

—ALSO—

Mathematical Instruments, Surveyors' Compasses; Pocket do.; Protractors; Surveyors' Chains; Gunter's Scales, Dividers, &c., &c., &c.

N. B. The following articles are repaired in the most careful manner: WATCHES & JEWELRY—SILVER—GOLD—SPECTACLES, CHAINS & INSTRUMENTS—

IF SILVER SPOONS manufactured to order, September 1, 1846.

Notice—Freedom.

THIS may certify that I, JAMES L. MITCHELL, have this day sold my minor son, JOSEPH S. MITCHELL, his time, and that I will not pay any debts of his contracting, or claim any of his earnings after this date.

Attest—Jonas Greene. Byron, September 4th, 1846. 3w20

Wanted.

ONE or TWO Apprentices Girls to work at the Tailoring business. L. W. DENNEN. Paris, Oct. 1, 1846. 113

Notice of Foreclosure.

WHEREAS, EDWARD WESTWORTH, of Denmark, in the County of Oxford and State of Maine, by his deed of Mortgage dated August 8th, A. D. 1844, conveyed to JACOB FROST, of Denmark aforesaid, a certain tract or parcel of land situated in said Denmark, described as follows, viz:—

Beginning at a hemlock tree, marked on the north line of Lot No. 3 of the Academy land, in said town, and run north seventy degrees east, on the line of said lot to the corner of Alfred Benton's land to an oak tree spotted; then south twenty degrees east, on the line of said Benton's land to a stake and stone; thence westerly on said Benton's line to the centre of the brook running between Alfred Benton's and Josiah Davis' land; thence down the centre of said brook to Moose Pond; thence to convey all that part of Lot No. 3, lying on the east of said brook, being about forty acres more or less,—being the same premises recorded in Book 24, Page 305, Oxford County Records.

And whereas, the above described Mortgage, together with the debts due on the same was assigned to me by said Frost, for a valuable consideration, which assignment is recorded in Book 25, Page 525, Oxford County Records. Western District, I hereby assign claim possession of the above mortgaged premises, the condition of said Mortgage having been broken, and give this public notice to foreclose the same, agreeably to the Statute in such case made and provided.

JOSIAH KNIGHT. Fryeburg, September 20th, 1846. 3w21

Sheriff's Sale.

Oxford, ss: September 10th, 1846.

TAKEN on Execution and will be sold at public Auction at the Inn of Samuel R. Holland, on Canton Road, on Saturday, the 31st day of October next, at one of the clock P. M., unless redeemed prior, (viz.) All the right JOHN REAHEY has to redeem, under a sale made by me on the third day of August last, whereby I sold all said Reahey's right to redeem the Farm on Canton Road, in said town of Lee, and generally known as the Joseph Holland Farm and Stand. Said Farm having been mortgaged to John Bink, of Boston, Mass., in June, A. D. 1844; also to S. R. & E. Treat, Jr., in October, A. D. 1844, for one thousand dollars on each mortgage.

(20) JOHN M. EUSTIS, Deputy Sheriff.

Atlantic and St. Lawrence Railroad.

SUBSCRIBERS to the Capital Stock of the Atlantic and St. Lawrence Railroad, residing in the following towns, are notified that receipts for the first assessment on their shares are deposited with the following gentlemen, who are authorized to receive and receipt for said assessments from persons residing in the several towns set against their names, to wit: BENJAMIN TUCKER, Jr., for Norway and Oxford. SERPENT EMERY, for Paris, Hebron and Sumner. CHAS. C. BOLLEA, for Rumford and Andover. GEORGE CHAPMAN, for Bethel and Albany. DR. CHARLES MILLERY, for Poland and Milford. CHAS. E. BARRETT, Treasurer. Portland, Aug. 20, 1846. 19

BOOK STORE.

THE subscriber keeps constantly for sale a large and general assortment of Books and Stationery, among which are all the Seniors. Books in common use for Schools and Academies, such as Grammars, Arithmetic, Algebra, History, Geography, Astronomy, Philosophy, Chemistry, &c., &c.

Also—A prime assortment of

MISCELLANEOUS BOOKS,

from which Public, Social, Sunday School, and Private Libraries can be supplied on reasonable terms, and of a character to suit the various tastes and wishes of the reading community generally. Large Quarto, Duodecimo, and Pocket Bibles; Testaments, Hymn-Books; paper, ink, quills, steel pens, wafers, paper-folders, sand-boxes, seals, &c.

A good variety of BLANKS, such as Warrants, Collectors, Mortgage, Administrative, Collector's and Guardian's Deeds, Sheriff's Receipts, Sheriff's Returns, Executions, Writs, and many others that are in common use.

PAPER HANGINGS.

of different figures, qualities and prices to suit customers. Glass Ware, Maps of the State of Maine, and many other articles, too numerous to particularize in a short advertisement. For further particulars, Ladies and Gentlemen, please call and examine for yourselves, or enquire of BENJ. WALTON. Paris-BH, May 5th, 1846. 0y52

P. S. The subscriber hereby tenders his sincere thanks to his friends and customers and the public generally for a generous share of patronage, and humbly solicits a continuation of such favors, except a very few individuals, whose aims it is to run in debt and never pay—such cases are respectfully invited to call somewhere else.

Plumbe National Daguerrian Gallery.

Phonographers Furnishing Depot.

AWARDED the Gold and Silver Medals, Four First Premiums, and Two Highest Honors at the National, the Massachusetts, the New York, and the Pennsylvania Exhibitions, respectively, for the most splendid Colored Daguerrotypica and best apparatus ever exhibited.

Portraits taken in exquisite style, without regard to weather. Instructions given in the art. A large assortment of Apparatus and Stock always on hand, at the lowest cash prices.

New York, 151 Broadway; Philadelphia, 126 Chestnut St.; Boston, 75 Court, and 55 Hanover St.; Baltimore, 203 Baltimore St.; Washington, Pennsylvania Avenue; Petersburg, Va., Mechanics' Hall; Cincinnati, Fourth and Walnut; and 176 Main St.; Saratoga Springs, Broadway; Paris, 127 Vieille Rue du Temple; Liverpool, 32 Church St. July 7, 1846. 1y

EDWARD REILLY,

TAILOR.

WOULD respectfully inform his friends and the public that he may be constantly found at the Shop formerly occupied by Lewis W. Deane, at

South Paris.

where the Tailoring business, in all its branches, is carried on in a faithful and workmanlike manner. All Garments warranted to fit, or no pay. Gentlemen, wishing for fashionable clothing, are requested to try him and see if these things be so.

BOSTON AND PHILADELPHIA FASHIONS. Received at his Shop regularly as soon as published.

Wanted immediately—Two Apprentices Girls. South Paris, June, 1846. 118

C. W. WALTON,

ATTORNEY AT LAW,

MEXICO, MAINE.

DENTISTRY, DENTISTRY.

FILLING, Separating, Cleaning and Setting Artificial Mineral Pivot Teeth, done by

T. H. BROWN, Paris-BH.

Prices—Filling with Gold, from 50 cents to \$1.00.

do do Tin Foil, 25

Cleaning set of Teeth, 1.00

Setting Pivot Teeth, \$1.00

Work warranted—March 22

1147

